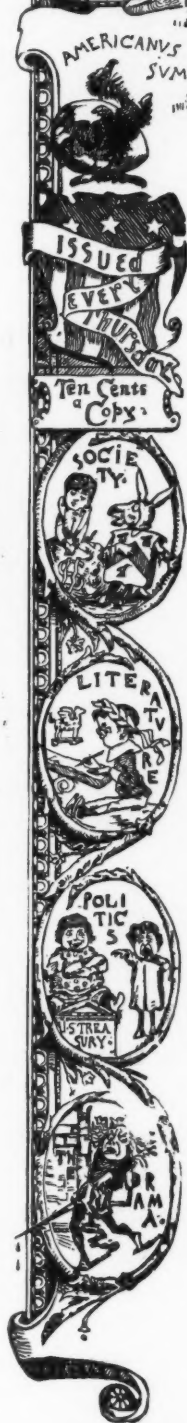
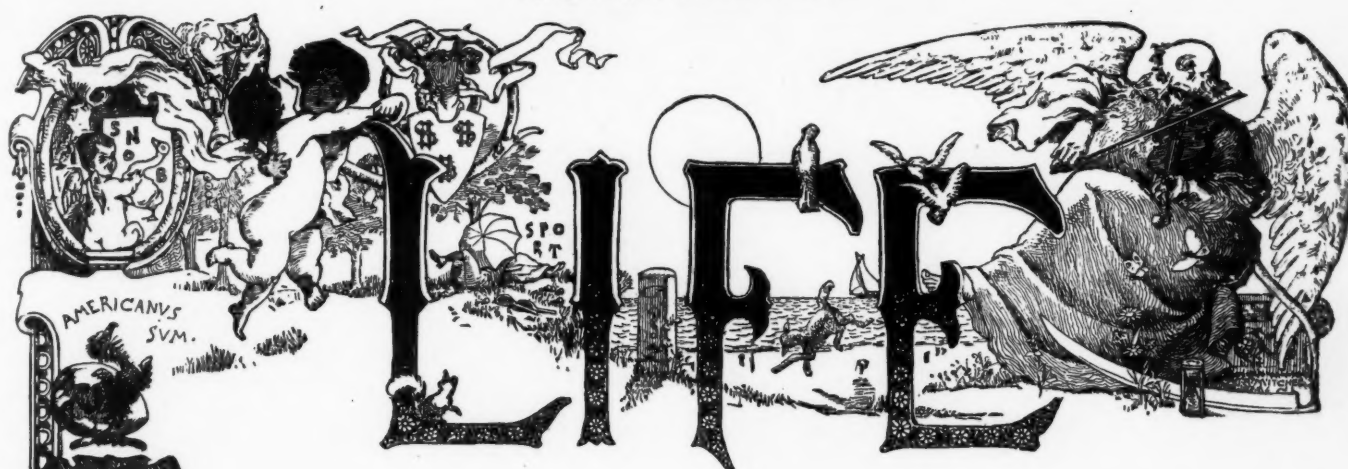


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NOT UNREASONABLE.

"EXCUSE ME, BUT WERE YOU AT MRS. HIGHBLOWER'S RECEPTION JUST NOW?"

"YES."

"WELL, MAY I WALK WITH YOU AS FAR AS THE CORNER UNDER MY UMBRELLA?"



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"A delightful tale of love and adventure."—*N. Y. Times.*

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"DON'T SAY THAT, MR. FLINT. POOR FLORA IS REALLY TENDER-HEARTED AND VERY SYMPATHETIC. SHE IS EXPLAINING TO MR. JENNINGS NOW THAT WHEN MR. SEEKER CLAIMED HER HAND, SHE REALLY COULD NOT REMEMBER TO WHICH OF THEM SHE HAD ENGAGED HERSELF LAST SUMMER. BUT HE WILL BE CONSOLED, FOR SHE WILL ARRANGE IT SO THAT MR. SEEKER SHALL ASK HIM TO BE HIS BEST MAN."

AT THE OPERA.

OFT I see her at the opera
In her box—soft clad in white—
With her fair young face bent forward,
Feeling all a child's delight
In the music's sensuous measures
Rising o'er that radiant throng,
While her silken fan is swaying
To the rhythm of the song.

And I see men crowd about her,
Lingering o'er her lightest words,
And her voice has all the music
Of the sweetest forest birds.
Blessed are they to be the subjects
Of her tender tyranny ;
Ah, why in that Circean circle
Is there not a place for me ?

How I envy all those foplings
Who can win her sweetest smile,
Worship near her now unchided,
Be her courtiers for the while.
But, alas ! 'Tis out of question,
I must bear my lot with grace,
For I only am her husband,
And I've learned to know my place !
E. De Lancey Pierson.



"While there's Life there's Hops."

VOL. XXIII. APRIL 12, 1894. No. 589.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE passage of the bill for coining the seigniorage (happily squelched by the President) and the continued delay in fixing up a new tariff, recall to sorrowful memory what was said to a certain man who made a speech against Maynard at the now historic meeting of the Bar Association in New York. Writing to the speaker about his remarks, a brother patriot observed: "To anyone who reads that speech you need never offer any reasons why I am a Democrat. In that party, whenever you feel like raising a playful and desultory hind-leg, you are always sure of infringing against some comrade full worthy of the attention, while among Republicans you were always in danger of straining yourself for lack of an opposing body."

Without insisting that corrective impulses need go begging nowadays in the Republican party, one may realize, without effort, that in an organization whose congressional majority lets a seigniorage bill go through and can't amend the tariff, the "playful and desultory hind-leg" finds no immediate dearth of proper objects.

IF it be true that the best way to kill a bad law is to enforce it, Governor Tillman is certainly taking the best possible way to remove the dispensary law from the statute books of South Carolina. If we go into the question of motive, it may be that, as a rabid Prohibitionist, he rests uneasy under the official utterance of one of his predecessors as to the length of time between drinks. From his over-energy, however, it seems more likely that he is simply a crank who is doing his duty in the most cranky and offensive way. The dispensary law, so long as it remains a law, confers the right of search. A more prudent or less rabid Governor might have enforced the broader provisions of this law and done his full duty without carrying an American State back into the dark ages when constitutional freedom and sacredness of the domicile were unknown.

For the people of the State LIFE has no sympathy. The more they suffer the more effective will be this beautiful

object lesson in the use of the ballot. If people are fools enough to elect crank Legislators and crank Governors, it is only fair that they should suffer the consequences until they learn wisdom. The Southerners may of course retort that we are not much wiser when we elect thieves and plunderers to office, but they should remember that the principal penalty we pay is in the form of increased taxes. So long as we do not have to work *too* hard to satisfy our oppressors, we would rather do this than do our full duty as citizens. It may be bad taste, but we prefer knaves to fools, and insist on the right not to pity our Southern brethren because they suffer from crank legislation.



FILIAL devotion is so admirable a quality that it is always to be regretted when the practice of it threatens to get its professor into trouble. LIFE therefore remarks with concern that the pious desire of young Mr. Astor to advance his mother's comfort, by building her a stable on Madison avenue, has caused considerable friction between him and a number of his fellow-citizens who live on that street. As it happens, the stable-site that Mr. Astor has chosen for his mother's use adjoins a Jewish synagogue, the owners of which object very strongly to having anybody's stable on the corner lot next door. Other dwellers in the neighborhood feel so about it too, and say the stable will injure their property, and complain very dolorously about it.

Now, of course, it is natural that Mr. Astor should prefer his mother's comfort to the desires of mere neighbors, but if Mrs. Astor should relieve her good son's embarrassment by signifying her preference to be stabled in some less conspicuous lot, that would seem a happy solution of the difficulty, and not too great a sacrifice for a kind mother to make for a devoted son.

IN a conversation with a young man for the benefit of the readers of the esteemed *Outlook*, Mr. Howells remarks on the difference between English as she is written and as she is spoke, and regrets that so large a measure of it exists. He would have the same contractions used in writing that people habitually employ when they talk. He would write "don't" for "do not," and (possibly) "h'aint" for "have not," and he wonders that writing is not so written instead of in the more formal manner that commonly obtains.

Obvious as the objection is he seems not to have suspected it. It is, as he ought to know, that contemporary writers are a mercenary lot, and, as a rule, they are paid by the word, and so long as it is worth two cents to them to write "do not," and only one cent to write "don't," they will continue as at present to give "do not" the preference.

SAVED BY A PIE.



SCENE—A PHILADELPHIA CHURCH FAIR.



SPEAKING CHARACTERS:

MISS ROSE BUD, - - - - of Philadelphia.
MR. JACK COUPON, - - - - of New York.

THINKING PARTS:

MISS AUTUMN LEAF, - - - -
DOBSON, - - - -

MISS ROSE BUD: Now, Mr. Coupon, what are you going to buy at my table? We have home-made doughnuts, wash-cloths, tidies and aprons. I am sure you want some of each.

MR. COUPON: Oh, thanks, awfully; have you any *kisses* for sale?

MISS R. B.: Certainly; five dollars each; how many will you have?

MR. J. C. (*handing out the money*): I'll take two, good measure, please.

MISS R. B. (*with a seraphic smile*): Oh, yes, we are particular about that. Miss Autumn Leaf, will you deliver two kisses to Mr. Coupon.

(*Miss Autumn Leaf is forty in the shade, paralyzingly ugly, and lives in Camden.*)

MR. J. C.: You are more than kind. Dobson, (*turning to his colored valet who is carrying his parcels*) just take this purchase from Miss Autumn Leaf.

CURTAIN.

The moral of this little drama is, that the *fin de siècle* young man from New York rarely gets left, even at a Philadelphia Church Fair.

PROFESSOR: Is there any greater authority on hero-worship than Carlyle?

MISS VASSAR: Yes, one. Leander.





WE ARE IN TROUBLE.

LIFE is in a quandary.

As his new building is without question the most artistic monument in the city, it would be an obvious profanation to lease its apartments to bachelors who were so strikingly ugly as to draw the eye from the architect's work. And on the other hand, it is undesirable to select

bachelors so irresistibly beautiful that young ladies will congregate in front of the building in sufficient numbers as to interfere with LIFE's regular business.

LIFE always has been, and means to continue, partial to the girls, but if they insist upon blocking the street in front of his door, he will

get even with them by handing the bachelors over to be scrambled for. This will be a cruel revenge, as there is nothing so flat and unprofitable in the long run as a man who is handsome and knows it.

But this is somewhat previous, as we are told our apartments are far too good for bachelors and may tend to discourage matrimony. This, of course, is a thing LIFE would never be guilty of.

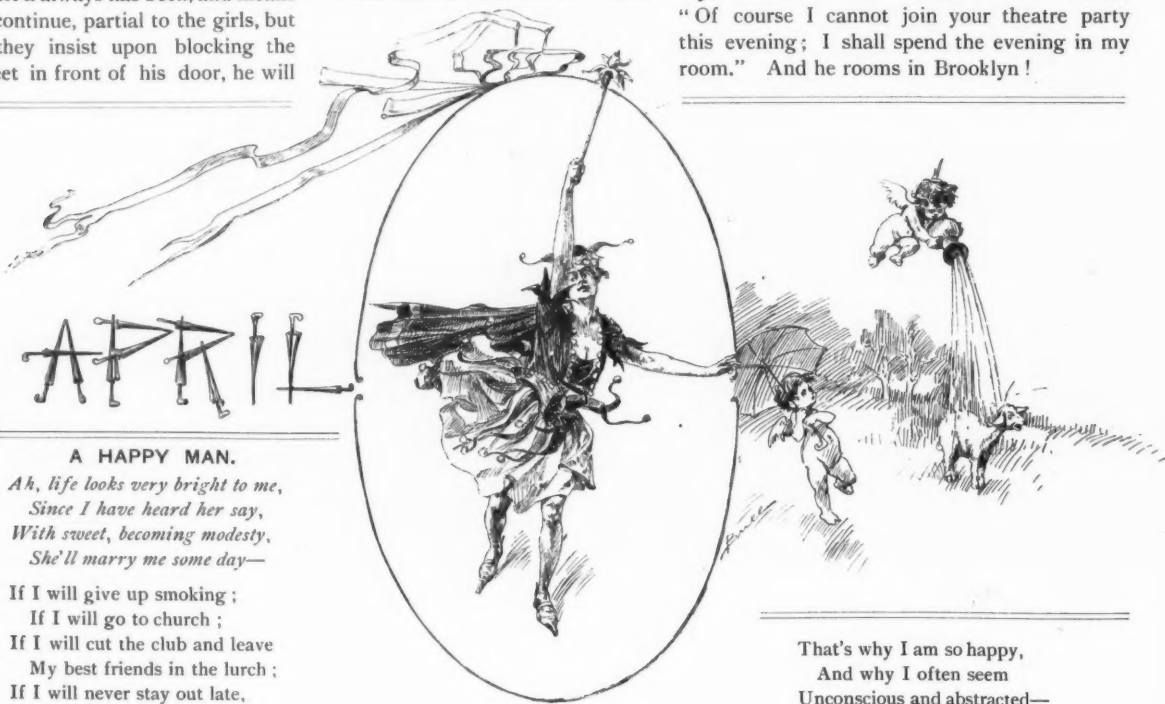
We have practically decided to admit only those men who are reasonably beautiful, and on condition that they give up their apartments on receiving the first offer of marriage that is not positively disadvantageous.

ENOUGH SAID.

JEANNETTE (*finishing her story*): The man was made desperate by my refusal, and he showed it.

CLARE: Did he rave and tear his hair?

JEANNETTE: Worse than that. He said, "Of course I cannot join your theatre party this evening; I shall spend the evening in my room." And he rooms in Brooklyn!



A HAPPY MAN.

*Ah, life looks very bright to me,
Since I have heard her say,
With sweet, becoming modesty,
She'll marry me some day—*

If I will give up smoking;
If I will go to church;
If I will cut the club and leave
My best friends in the lurch;
If I will never stay out late,
But hasten home at nine;
If I will let her have her way—
She's promised to be mine!

If I will move to Brooklyn;
And never touch a card;
If I will buckle down to work,
And labor long and hard
To buy her stylish bonnets,
And gowns, and lots of gloves;
Then I may be that happy man,
The lucky man she loves!

If I'll be always pleasant,
And never, never scold;
And never make her nurse me,
And not grow cross and old;
And always stay good-looking—
She can't stand ugly men—
If I come up to her ideal,
Why, we'll be married, then!

That's why I am so happy,
And why I often seem
Unconscious and abstracted—
I'm living in a dream!
She is so sweet and pretty,
And so unselfish, too!
I wonder how I won her love—
I can't believe it's true!

BRIGGS: Did you ever see a man
killed in cold blood?

GRIGGS: Did I! Why, don't I have
to go down Broadway every day?



From the Other Room: IS IT WARM IN THERE, CHILDREN?
Bertha (engaged one week): OH, YES, MAMMA! VERY CLOSE.

A POINTER.

MRS. SLIMSON: My little boy has been very wicked to-day. He got into a fight and got a black eye.

THE REV. DR. DROWSIE: So I perceive. Willie, come into the other room and I will wrestle in prayer for you.

WILLIE: You'd better go home and wrestle in prayer for your own little boy. He's got two black eyes.

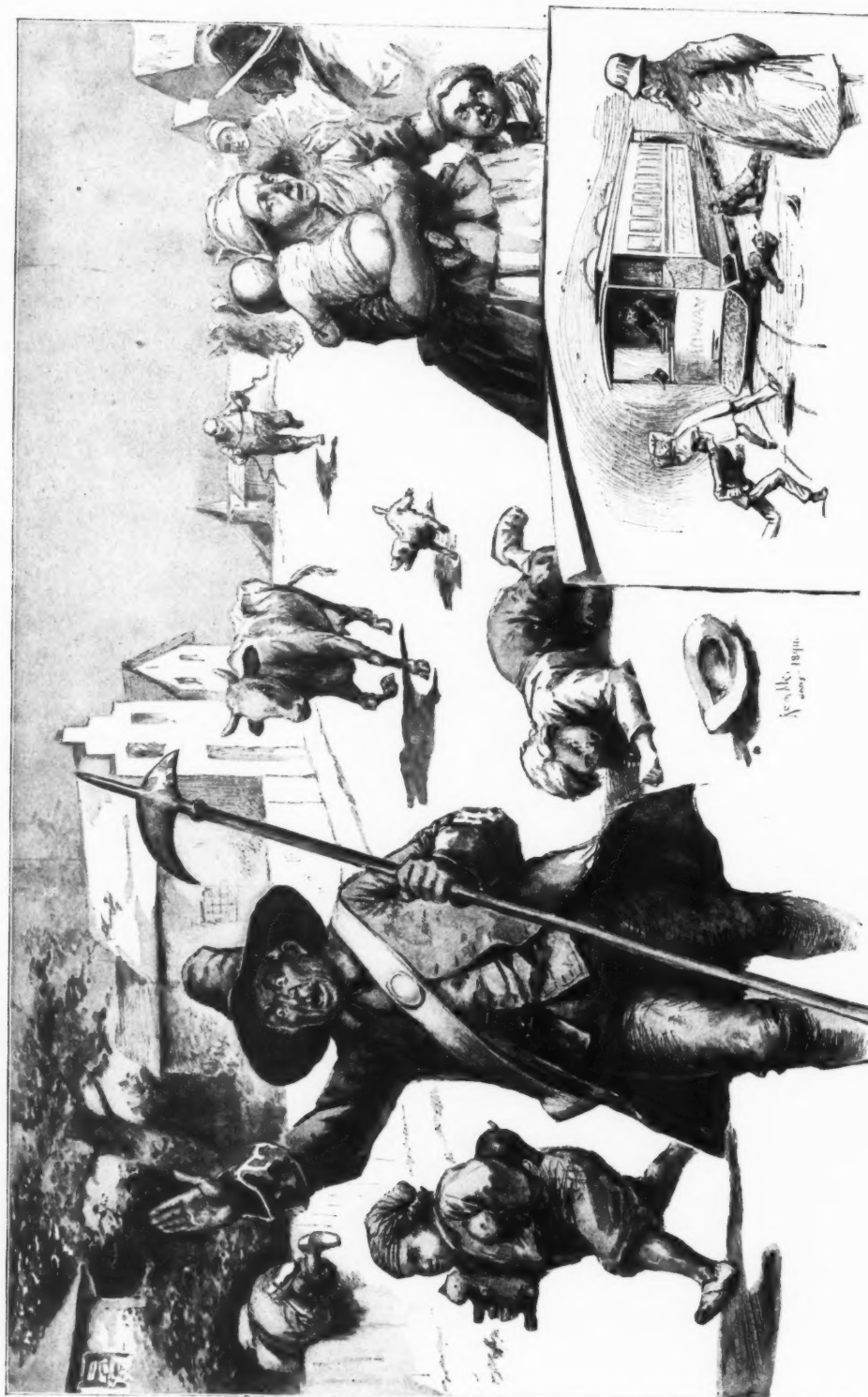
TOO MUCH OF "THE GIFTIE."

HE: Why do literary people bore literary people so?

SHE: They each show the other how literary people bore other persons.

"POETS are born, not made," he said loftily.

"I know it," said the editor, "and that is the reason there are so many of them."



SECURITY IN 1894.

BROADWAY—PAST AND PRESENT.

DANGER IN 1694.

OUR CARTOON.

THE American Institute of Architects has been endeavoring to bring about some reform by which Uncle Sam's government architecture might cease to be worse than that of any other civilized country. But the present supervising architect and the Secretary of War have succeeded in staving off any such reform indefinitely. These two gentlemen, after a year of evasion, postponement, and clumsy dodging, have finally decided to stand on their dignity and let architecture go to the demnition bow-wows. So, while the present Secretary is in office, we shall continue to see erected over this helpless land those costly monstrosities that the government office alone has the ignorance and the effrontery to execute.

"WHAT can be more pathetic than the spectacle presented by ex-Senator Ingalls—that of a statesman out of a job?"

"That of Senator Pepper—a job without a statesman."

"ONE-HALF the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Neither does the other half.



ABOVE HIS STATION.

TO LIFE.

BOSTON.

DEAR LIFE, although I've taken you
For seven years or more,
I've just found out a horrid fact
I had o'erlooked before;
I find you on the cover, LIFE,
All—totally—unclad;
I must confess I'm shocked and grieved
At anything so bad.

And there you are LIFE waltzing round
With some small naked miss;
Old "Time" should be ashamed to play
For such a dance as this.
Now from your list cross off my name,
Until you stop that dance,
And never will I take you more
Till you get into pants. J. W. W.

AN eloquent sentence from the sermon
of a young and zealous minister:
"Here stands Mother Church—one foot
firmly planted on the earth, the other
pointed toward Heaven!"

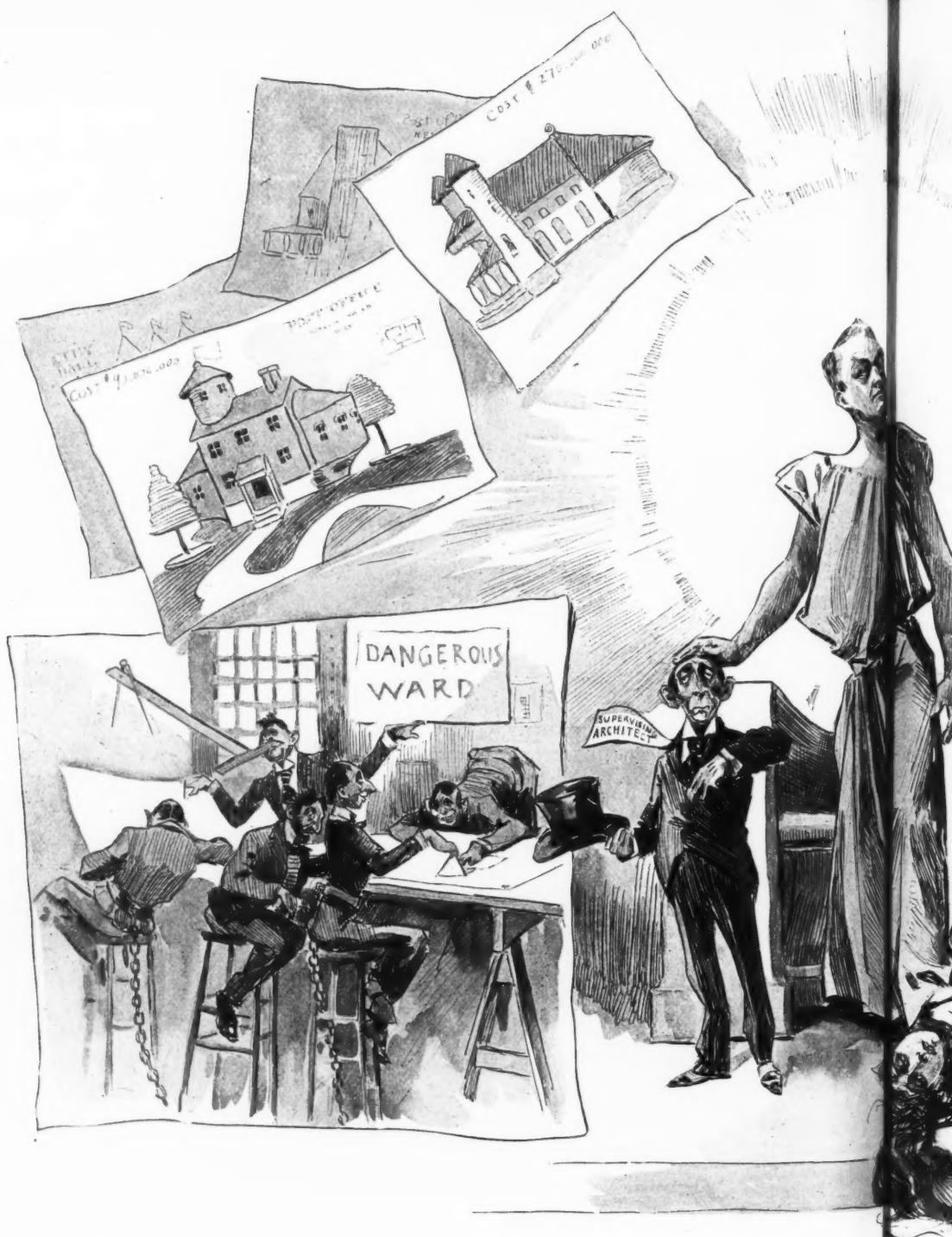
BRYCE: Algernon Fitz Sappy is one of
those fellows who has more money
than brains, isn't he?

KNOWSO: Yes, and he is poor, too.



"SAY, OLD MAN, WOULDN'T YOU ENJOY YOUR SMOKE BETTER IN SOME MORE COMFORTABLE POSITION?"

"POSSIBLY; BUT YOU SEE I PROMISED MY WIFE THAT I WOULD NEVER SMOKE INSIDE THE HOUSE OR OUT OF IT, AND I HATE TO GO BACK ON MY WORD."



GOOD ARCHITECT BE -

SECRETARY CARLISLE HAS DECIDED THAT DESIGNS FOR GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS SH

LE



CHITEE BE ———!

GOVERNMENTS SHALL BE TURNED OUT BY MACHINERY AS HERETOFORE.



"HELLO! Is this LIFE?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Paul Dana. Did you see that, I had resigned from the Board of Park Commissioners?"

"Cert. LIFE reads the *Sun*—all except the Cleveland editorials and the stuff in diamond type."

"I want to tell you why I did it."

"Go ahead. This is our busy day, but we've always got time to find out why an office-holder resigns an office."

"In the first place you know it wasn't a salaried position—"

"Oh, that's the reason, is—"

"No. You know I'm a busy man. It takes most of my time to keep father and Laffan from sending the *Sun* to the bow-wows."

"Whew! that *is* a job."

"Well, I took office because I thought I could do some good for the people."

"Poor boy!"

"My associates are there to do all the good they could for themselves, their friends and their political backers."

"Why, Mr. Dana, you must be mistaken. That couldn't be true in New York city."

"If you don't believe it look up my record and see the fights I made."

"Why didn't you stick to it?"

"That's what I wanted to tell you, dear LIFE. I was a minority of one. All the fighting fell on my shoulders and all the emoluments to my associates."

"Yes, but you were fighting for glory and your fellow-citizens."

"That's all right, but glory isn't a square meal, and my fellow-citizens don't care a continental anyway. I don't get my living in politics and I can't compete with those who do."

"Do you mean to say then that the Board of Park Commissioners, which used to be considered an honorable body, composed of honorable men, has become an ordinary, vulgar organization of plundering politicians?"

"You can read. Doesn't the handling of recent improvements look that way?"

"Precisely. But as we remarked before, Mr. Dana, this is our busy day and you'll have to excuse us. Good-bye."

J. S. M.



Sympathetic Steward: LIGHTS BOTHER YE, MUM?
Very Sick Passenger: N-NO. I THINK IT'S MY LIVER.

HOSTESS: Of course the dinner is given for Miss Purdy, but I can't let you take her in because you never will take the trouble to be agreeable except for a pretty woman.

REGGY WESTEND: Whom do I take in, then?

HOSTESS: Mrs. Farris.

REGGY WESTEND: But she's uglier than Miss Purdy.

HOSTESS: I know that, but she's married and used to being neglected.

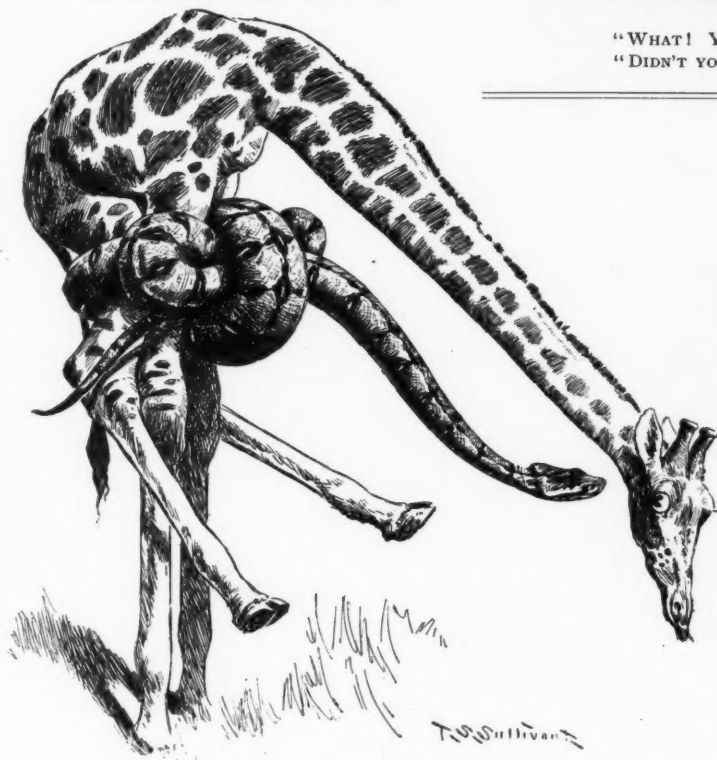


TO A MODERN GIRL.

I'VE conned the daintiest of poets lyrical,
Searched for jewels in the muse antique,
Delved in lines romantic and satirical,
And know whereof I chance to speak.
But find no conceit, image or reflection,
No gem from genius' pen, however true,
That hints the beauty and the rare perfection,
Possessed unconsciously, dear heart, by you.
Archibald Douglas.



"WHAT! YOU ARE NOT GOING TO SHAVE MY HEAD?"
"DIDN'T YOU ASK FOR A SHAVE?"



Snake: SAY, HOW'S THIS FOR A BOA-KNOT?

Giraffe: OH, COME OFF! ALMOST ANYTHING CAN BE TWISTED INTO A PUN.



WHAT jolly times be these for our friends the cranks and hobbyists. Now surge to the front Governor Tillman, General Coxe, Mrs. Granniss, of the Social Purity League, Senators

Peffer and Simpson, and the Kentucky lady who has come so chivalrously to the defense of Colonel Breckinridge. None of these people would have been possible in the days when daily newspapers had not so much space to fill. The reduced cost of white paper and the cheapening of printing is unquestionably a blessing, but, like Pandora's box, the gift is one which emits more evil than good.

TOO EXPOSED.

TOM: I like your new house. What a charming vista one gets, through these parlors into the library.

KITTY: Yes; but my brother says I'll never have any luck until the portières are up.



JAMES PAYN tells an amusing story concerning a well-known club in Pall Mall. A member lost his umbrella there, and caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance hall: "The nobleman who took away an umbrella, not his own, on such a date, is requested to return it." The house committee took umbrage at this statement, and summoned the member who had composed it before them.

"Why, sir," they said, "should you have supposed that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?"

"Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rules say that 'This club is composed of noblemen and gentlemen,' and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE: Have you read the new novel about a girl who studied art, and finally prayed to be turned into a beautiful statue?

SHE: No. What nonsense!

"How so?"

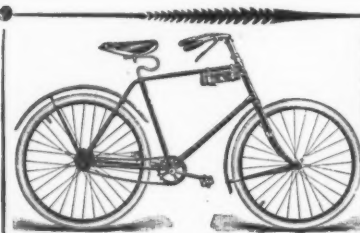
"No living creature ever could envy an inanimate object."

"Humph! I know plenty of girls who wouldn't mind being the Blarney Stone."—*Boston Home Journal.*

An old darkey, who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud, an' some isn't—pends on wa't you axes fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de cullud brederin, I 'bsarved dat w'enebber I pray de Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse Peyton's fat chickens fo' de old man, dere was no notice took ob de partition; but, w'en I pray dat He would sen' de old man fo' de chicken, de matter was 'tended to befo' sun-up next mornin'."—*Paducah News.*

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(Reduced from \$1.50.)

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WHEN Mr. Séguier was put forward for judge of the court of appeals, he was presented to Napoleon, who said: "But you are young for such an office, sir. What is your age?" "The same as that of your majesty when you won the battle of Marengo," answered Séguier. He received the appointment.—*Argonne.*

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a Snap

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Overcoat or Garment, if
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